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Rochester, Feb. 9, 1857.

Dear Wife:

I wrote a few lines to you yesterday forenoon at Albany. After closing my letter, the Rev. Mr. Mayo (a progressive Universalist clergyman settled in A.) and his wife called to see me at Lydia Mott's, dined with us, and spent the afternoon in a very pleasant interchange of feelings and sentiments. He has been a subscriber to the Liberator for the last two years, though he is not quite ready to subscribe to the doctrine of Disunion. Mrs. Mayo is a sister of Grace Greenwoold, but does not resemble her at all. She reminded me of Abby Kelley Foster, of Miss Bartletton, and of Lydia Spooner — three in one — looking more like Lydia than either of the others, as a whole. She is a firm believer in Spiritualism, and a partial medium, and related to me many interesting facts as occurring within her knowledge.

I left Albany last evening, (Sunday,) in the 6 o'clock train, for Rochester, in the midst of a pouring rain — the weather being almost as warm as in June. The Hudson river had risen six feet, and it was feared that some of the railroad bridges between Albany and Rochester might be carried away by the flood, or so weakened as to make the traveling somewhat perilous. However, we fortunately met with no serious obstruction; but the change in the weather,

on the route, was most extraordinary - seemingly making a difference of 50 degrees in the course of three or four hours; so that, from Syracuse to this place, we were all shivering in the cars, in spite of a good fire in the stove, and Jack Frost was busy in covering all the panes of glass with his curious handiwork. Our train arrived here this morning at half past 4; and at 5, I was in a good bed at the hotel, where I slept till 10 o'clock, having enjoyed a very refreshing slumber. I am now in the parlor of my beloved friends, Isaac and Amy Post. Charles L. Remond and sister are here also, and in good health and spirits, - though they have had a hard time of it for the last two months.

I have not yet seen Susan B. Anthony, but expect she will be here this afternoon. Mr. May I did not see on my way at Syracuse, but we hope to have him with us to-morrow. Considerable disappointment is felt at the absence of Parker Pillsbury, and they wish that he had come here, if he could not have spoken elsewhere.

How we shall get along with our convention, I do not know. Six meetings look to me very formidable, especially as I do as yet feel in the mood for speaking at all. Should Mr. May fail us, we shall be short-handed. Douglass, I am told, intends to show fight, but I trust and advise that no reply may be made to any thing he may say of us.

I am still anxious about Fanny's cough.  
Let her be careful of herself; for, "of all the little girls  
I see," &c. &c.

Franky must grow as strong and stout as  
possible while I am gone.

Wendell must not study too hard.  
Give my kindest remembrances to dear

Mrs. Otis.

I write in haste, as usual, and have  
no more time left, except to subscribe myself,  
Your loving husband,

W. L. G.

Remember me to May-Ann.

designed both science & literature  
digested to the highest standard of accuracy and also  
so full & complete in every way that it may be  
every body's best choice  
and it will be a great service to the world.  
It has been designed in two parts  
one for children & the other for young men  
and will be published monthly.